The CASTLE of LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

I took refuge in silence. I closed my eyes wearily.

"Before I bid you good night, sir, I think it right that you should know that your mother and sister are in this hotel. At the risk that you think me impertinent I dare to hope that your meeting with them to-morrow may be free from any embarrassment or unhappiness."

He bowed stiffly and left the room. I stared after him vacantly.

The dispatch he had left, gorgeous and brave with its royal crest and embossing, lay passively in my hand.

And now a new dilemma confronted me. I was supposed to be under the influence of an opiate; they would not scruple to take from me the dispatch. To allow that might give them such information as would make their conspiracy, whatever its nature, the more effective. To resist would tell them that I had been feigning.

I must hide the papers. But where?

It was a bare little chamber; my heart sank as I noted how bare.

I leaped out of bed. Again I threw open the shutters. I could hear Capt. Forbes speaking sternly; if he could but hold them half a minute!

In the garden below the marble basin of a disused fountain at once caught my eyes.

I tore the corner of the envelope, inserted my penknife to weight the packet, leaned over the balcony and dropped it.

It fell squarely into the basin among the leaves and moss.

To regain the room was the work of an instant.

I heard Captain Forbes wish them a cold good night, and Madame de Varnier answer him mockingly. Then the bedroom door was opened and Starva shuffled into the room.

"Who was that man?" I demanded languidly, and regarded him with listless eyes, my hand to my forehead.

He shrugged his shoulders, disdaining to answer.

"He has left some papers here by mistake."

"Perhaps," I muttered indifferently, and pretended to sleep.

I heard him moving about the room for some time. Madame de Varnier and he whispered together. I felt so little concerned as to the result of this search that I actually fell asleep. The strain of the evening had exhausted me. No doubt the search was extended to me personally; I believe I was vaguely conscious of it.

CHAPTER XV.

The Castle of Happiness.

"You sleep soundly, my friend."

Dr. Starva was looking down at me with grim intentness.

It was not yet dawn. His immense figure seemed even more huge than it was in this uncertain light. It appeared to threaten, to menace me. And yet I welcomed his presence; at least they had not made their escape.

I looked up at him with cool assurance.

"A light conscience gives deep slumber. Do we start so early?"

"Yes. Your coffee is waiting for you in the salon."

I dressed rapidly. A certain depression would have been natural. The night is the time of follies; with the morning come clear thought and prudence. But not so with me. It is true that I detested Dr. Starva. His methods were too gross; his eyes were too closely set together; his mouth too cruel and sensual. I could have wished him out of the game. And yet I believed that I was a match for him.

But this woman who tempted and pitied! This woman whose beauty fascinated and whose treachery repelled! This woman who lied and prayed in the same breath!

As I thought of her I was at once furious and eager. I was ashamed to think how eager. I had pledged myself to the cold Diana of my dreams. For her I ran these risks; for her I might be disgraced and a felon. It was her gratitude I coveted; her forgiveness I craved.

And yet for the moment I was seeking the flame and the glamour of the other woman—this warm, mysterious creature of diverse moods.

Her fantastic chateau held out a promise, not of happiness, indeed, but of the joy of doing, of daring.

So as I dressed my spirits were buoyant. The little garden below, half hidden in the mist that came from the lake, was fresh and charming in the morning dew. Patches of flowers, brave in scarlet and purple and blue, opened their eyes to the dawn. I followed mechanically the graveled paths, geometric and straight, threading the sparkling lawns.

I looked eagerly down at the battered fountain choked with refuse. I could see no trace of the long, white envelope. It was completely concealed by the leaves.

I found it impossible to rescue the little packet from its hiding place. My hostess and her cousin kept too careful an eye on me for that. But it was a tolerably secure hiding place; and frankly I was not sorry to leave the proof of my complicity behind me.

A faint breeze, cold with the snow of the mountains, fanned my cheek. The poetry of the dawn thrilled me. Before the evening came the placid lake might be lashed into fury. The trees, now gently swaying, might be bent and broken by the violence of the storm. But now the sky was clear. When the storms came I would try to meet them. But before they did come why should I not enjoy the present? I threw open the door and stepped into the salon where coffee and Madame de Varnier awaited me.

She greeted me with vivacity. But I was not blind to the cool glance that measured. "The fool has no suspicions," the eyes said, while the lips asked how I had slept.

"Admirably," I answered gayly. "And we are to start at once for your Castle of Happiness?"

"You have a sublime faith to still believe it that?" she questioned mockingly as she poured my coffee.

"Why not?" I cried mockingly, in my turn. "Is it not happiness to be with you, madam?"

"Pas des banalites, monsieur," she replied with an impatient gesture.

But I Was Not Blind to the Cool Glance That Measured.

"But you really believe that the tiresome journey will repay you?"

"Since I am resolved to hear your secret, yes."

"Oh, ungracious!" She smiled at me ruefully. "I think I prefer an insincere compliment to an awkward truth."

"Madam, it is not I who made the condition."

"Ah, you are a very cautious friend, monsieur."

"I generally try to look before I leap," I returned with composture.

I was not unwilling that she think it curiosity that prompted me to accept the extraordinary invitation given with so little heed to convention. She had hinted that we were to be of mutual use to each other; but of this I was skeptical. I accepted the invitation precisely in the spirit in which it was given. It would be shocking form, to say the least, to be a guest that one might have the opportunity to play the detective. But she and I had placed ourselves beyond the pale of conventionality. Either distrusted the other. An armed truce—that was the word that described our relations, and she had suggested that word.

Dr. Starva entered.

"En route," he said gruffly. "The carriage is waiting."

It was very early, scarcely past five. The night porter, drowsy-eyed and sullen, took us down on the elevator and put our luggage in the carriage. I confess I breathed more freely when the hotel was some miles behind us and we had seen neither Helena Brett nor Captain Forbes.

As Madame de Varnier had warned me, the journey itself was long and tiresome; nor did Madame de Vernier and her companion exert themselves much to relieve its monotony.

It was almost dusk when she pointed out to me the pinnacles of her chateau.

For the last hour the horses had been struggling up a dusty road winding about the mountainside. Forests of fir were on either side. From far below came the impetuous murmur of a stream. High above the forests of fir trees there were herds of cattle. We could hear the faint jingle of the cow-bells. Only rarely had there been any view, but the clear and pure atmosphere told me that the altitude must be considerable. But this sylvan scene suggested nothing of the horrors of a few days ago. The mountains, purple and pink in the dusk, were too far away.

Suddenly there was a turn in the road. Now we had an uninterrupted view of the chateau across a green valley. In this vague light its towers and turrets seemed as unreal and ghostly as a fairy fabric.

At the base of its white walls a tiny village, crouching close to the chateau for protection, found a precarious foothold on the steep hillside. There was a maze of red-tiled roofs, high-gabled and sloping, tier upon tier of them, each pierced by numbers of quaint dormer windows.

A wild river, fed by the turbulent streams of the mountain snows, flung itself in headlong rage down the sloping valley, straight for the chateau, as if to sweep it from its base. Reaching the castle, it spent its fury on the rocks, then, as if baffled of its prey, made an abrupt half circle about the base and continued its stormy career, seeking a less powerful foe.

"At last," breathed Madame de Varnier. "Well, my friend, does it promise diversion for you?"

"The village and the castle breathe the spirit of romance," I cried with animation.

"Ah, romance! What if I say to you," she whispered, "that your day of romance has come?"

I glanced toward Dr. Starva whose shaggy head was nodding. "Even we Americans, madam, are not indifferent to its glamour. But too often the romance of medievalism suggests dishonor."

She looked at me startled, then shrugged her shoulders. "One must take the world as one finds it," she said indifferently.

We were making the last steep ascent to the village. We crossed the noisy stream; the driver cracked his long whip; we passed under a dilapidated arch; we were rattling over the cobblestones of a winding street.

It was too dark for me to see much of the quaint beauty of this picturesque village. I caught a glimpse of the timbered Rathaus, its gilt clock proudly conspicuous on the squat tower, and of the fountain in front of it, its basin radiant with scarlet flowers. There were little shops dimly lighted, their wares heaped about the doors and windows.

As we passed, women and children dropped delighted courtesies, and the men took pipes from broadly grinning mouths and doffed their hats. Evidently Madame de Varnier was loved by this simple folk.

"You seem to be very welcome," I said smiling, surprised that the villagers should have greeted her so cordially. "You are the Lady Bountiful to these simple people, I suppose."

She smiled faintly. "I have been here for two summers. I am the event of the year in their stupid lives. I try to bring them a little pleasure. When I leave I like to think that they remember me with love."

"Then I should not have said that the glamour of romance is always associated with dishonor," I ventured boldly.

"I can see no glamour in this obscure village," she replied, yawning.

"But the chateau is a part of the village?" I persisted.

"Monsieur!" she cried passionately. "You weary me with senseless questions."

I smiled quietly. I wished Madame de Varnier to know definitely that it depended on her playing the part of Circe or Lady Bountiful whether the armed truce was to continue, or whether there was to be open warfare.

We turned at an abrupt angle from the village street. We were entering a mere passageway just wide enough for the carriage. It was flanked on either side by the houses of the village; over the arch, too, was a dwelling. Suddenly we emerged in a courtyard large enough to permit a squadron of cavalry to perform its evolutions. A low wall inclosed it. We drew up at the doorway. I was welcomed by Madame de Varnier with exaggerated deference. We were at her Castle of Happiness.

I felt the insincerity of the welcome. They looked on me as a puppet to move only when they pulled the strings. I saw, too, that I had not left in the hotel at Vitznau the character of Sir Mortimer Brett.

But before the next day was past I determined to know once for all the reason of this deception. I was determined to put an end to this farce.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Death-Mask Again.

One does not expect to find in Switzerland grace and charm in architecture. There are no historic chateaux worthy of a pilgrimage. This castle of Alterhoffen gave one the simple impression of sheer strength. It was primitive and savage and bare of pretense to beauty as its founder must have been.

A rather squat tower of immense solidity, the roof steeply sloping, the windows narrow and few, it would have been commonplace and ugly in the extreme had it not been for three smaller semicircular towers placed at each angle of the larger one. The effect of this triangular-shaped tower, with its three supporting towers, was bizarre, but not unpleasing. It prepared one for an interior unique and interesting.

We passed beneath the arched doorway, severe and bare of ornament, into the great hall. At the left was the grand stairway, the balustrades of oak massive and dark with age, but admirably carved. At the end of the hall, on the right, a fire of logs was blazing brightly. The hooded mantel, Gothic in design, was also of oak and blackened with the smoke of centuries. A stand of banners stood near the foot of the stairway. Not far from the fireplace was a curious spiral staircase leading to the gallery that ran the length of the room above. Tapestries covered the bare walls and filled the spaces between the narrow windows that looked out on the courtyard. The furniture was of the period of the French Renaissance—covered for the most part with stamped leather of gold and dull red.

I could not repress a cry of delight as I entered. I had passed in an instant from the world of commonplace hotels and railway trains into an atmosphere of charm and beauty. For no matter how industriously the connoisseur in America may gather about him exquisite and beautiful things, he cannot shut out the scream of the railroad train; he cannot transplant across the seas the charm of medievalism that clings to castle walls. It is one thing to see the Cluny with a guide book; it is quite another to find one's self a guest at the Cluny.

"You like my Castle of Happiness?" asked Madame de Varnier, pleased at the pleasure I showed.

"It promises its adventures," I replied meaningly.

"I have told you that your hour of romance has come. But remember, romance in these prosaic days is a gift of the gods given only to children and poets, a few women and lovers, and to the very bold. If you would claim the gift, monsieur, you must have something of the nature of all of these. The sincere trust of the child, you must certainly know what this is, monsieur. The poet's imagination, his delightful power of make-believe, you must not despise that. A woman's tenderness, and a lover's ardor, these, too, are necessary. And last of all, the daring of the hero."

She had whispered these rather comprehensive attributes as I walked across the hall to the staircase, following the servant with my bag.

"A rather large bill, madam," I suggested humorously.

"Oh, but I am serious, very serious. I assure you that it is not sentimental talk."

"I am afraid I must contradict you. The daring of the hero, for instance, even one so optimistic as yourself could scarcely expect that of me."

"Monsieur," she protested earnestly, "I have already told you that I refuse to believe you a coward. Do you believe it yourself? You know you do not. The task I am to give you would appall any but the bravest heart. It requires audacity, absolute assurance, and a clever brain. But I believe in you. You will not disappoint me. We dine in half an hour."

Dr. Starva had stood with his back to the fire. He called after me, scowling, as I ascended the stairs:

"You will find, as I have said, that madam is an admirable host. But if the guest is to be quite happy he must accept the diversions madam offers and when they are offered."

It was not the words so much as the tone that menaced. It emphasized the conviction I already felt: Dr. Starva did not welcome my coming to the castle. As I reached the gallery I saw Madame de Varnier address him almost fiercely. I was not blind to his sullen contempt, though evidently the woman was the ruling spirit here.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Do your work and your worth will take care of itself.

UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices of the OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

Address all Communications to W. M. PIGGOTT, Editor. 158 Twenty-fifth Street.

LABOR AND ITS REWARD.

While turning the pages of the Annual Labor Review recently in search of something good to read, our attention was attracted to an article with the above heading, written by Mr. O. P. Hoff, labor commissioner of Oregon. We found the article so full of meat, and written in such a masterful, just and unbiased manner, that we could not refrain from reproducing it here.

Mr. Hoff said: "'In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread.' The book of books, no matter from what standpoint it is regarded, stands preeminent as the foundation of all laws, and the above quotation is not only a judgment passed on mankind, but also a commandment given. As a law of the first order it places the stamp of respectability on labor in obedience to the same. On moral ground to evade this command is lawlessness before the moral bar of the highest moral court.

"For man to labor is the natural condition of gaining health and happiness, while idleness breeds discontent, degeneration and weakness, both morally and physically. The setting aside by legal enactment a holiday designated as Labor Day, is a recognition in common law of the dignity of labor that has stood in all ages as a divine law.

"That there are and always have been men who hold labor in contempt is certain. This even extends to certain officers whom these very laborers have placed in office by their votes. However, these people should not be too harshly judged. Their lack of consideration and breadth of character, and their self-assumed importance is more to be pitied than blamed. The average laboring man does not find fault because he has to work. Therein does not lie the trouble, but in the often seemingly unjust division of the profits of the labor. Our sense of justice plainly sees that each person is entitled to such compensation for his honest efforts as will permit him to live and rear a family in a comfortable and up-to-date manner. This would not be a difficult matter if justice had the adjusting. First a fair price for the raw material, then, as it passes through the different hands, pay each man what is his by right, adding the same to the cost, also fair profits for the money invested in the plant or tools and the risk of such investment, and the necessary cost of disposing to the customers. But here comes competition and greed pressing down the prices when times are hard, each one as the pressure is extended backward taking care that his part of the transaction yields the proper profits until it reaches the toiler, who, being, if he stands alone, least able to take care of himself, has to take the principal cut in downward trend of the article. On the other hand, when times are good, the prices are raised and the effect of it is first noted at the selling end, and it takes a long time and often trouble in the labor circle before the working man gets his share in the increase, which necessarily has made the cost of his existence greater. A laboring man's right in the share of a produced value, a just pay for his work, should be an amount as will allow him, if he practices industry, economy and intemperance, and being free from any unusual amount of sickness or misfortune, to live up to the standard of his surroundings, giving his children the best of education, and to save up sufficient to keep himself and wife when the infirmity of old age retires him from active work.'

"Economical living does not mean to live and dress on the smallest amount possible to exist, but to restrict the expenses to the minimum necessary to conform to the American standard of living. In our onward march what was a luxury last year, and none is more responsible for this than the employing or wealthier part of the community, who sets the pace in fads and fancies as well as ordinary matters.

"Humanity must be fitted in a lump and not in parts or by classes if our improved and still advancing civilization shall be entitled to the commendation of just and sensible people. When employers by reason of more comfort in their homes, finer texture in their clothes, better food and higher priced amusements spend more money to live, the employes are justly entitled to their proportionate share in this higher civilization.

"There is a proof, or at least may be accepted as such, that the employer's profits are increasing and that the business can stand higher wages, when he changes his mode of life so that his expenses increase, and he, himself, becomes responsible for the demand that will be made on him for better pay by those who assist him in the creation of his added wealth.

"There is impressed on my mind another phase of this matter regarding the ability of the average working man as well as business man to keep up with the general advance, and it is one of vital importance. Marriage is the institution of physical and moral necessity. The conditions that tends to make this happy or otherwise should receive the most careful attention, even from the side of a wage-earner and his pay. Love is supposed to be the foundation for a happy union of man and wife. But I doubt that love will last long, if respect, for the object of love departs.

"There are a few angels among the women, still I believe that but few exist, and will retain the proper respect for a husband who, barring sickness and misfortune, fails to hold his own in the general advance.

"The old saw that 'when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window,' has much to it. Many a trouble and even divorce suit has been started principally because the wife by comparing her lot with that of others as to the necessities, comforts and luxuries furnished, or rather that were not furnished, gradually loses her respect for her husband. That a divorce under such circumstances would be no credit to her does not mend the matter. Few will call to mind a divorce asked for a woman who had respect for her husband. A thoughtful man, when asking a woman to share his home with him for life, has calculated on his ability to keep her in as good a social position as when they first began, and to hold his own. Now when prices go up, when the cost of living in every branch is advanced while the wages are left at the old rate, it no argument, no pleading on his part will change the wage scale, what can he do but strike for better pay, strike for home, strike for the maintenance of the love and respect of his wife, his partner, the mother of his children. The laboring man and laborer's children possess, ounce for ounce, on an average, as much brain and as good a quality as the balance of the race, and the only gulf of separation in this country is that of ignorance.

"It becomes the duty and should be the aspiration of all parents, be they rich or poor, after giving their children moral precept and training, to give them the best possible education, when the higher rungs of the social, political and financial ladder are in reach of each and all. To this and every true friend of the poor but aspiring toilers, should stand for the most liberal treatment of every institution of learning, from the lowest to the highest, and so make it possible for the poorest to reach the educational summit. A thorough education, theoretical and practical, will insure the lifting up of the working man's conditions.

"Speaking of education, I will say that every working man and every working woman should, themselves, and also see that their children and friends, study the economic condition and good common business sense and learn some of the simplest facts that seem to be overlooked by so many, to-wit: That many acting in unison have more power than the individual acting alone; that to get goods made by your friends, use none that has not your friend's brand on them; that to vote for your friends, if known to be men of honor, to fill the public offices from legislators to supreme judges, who will make equitable conditions, is better than to go on a strike for the same. And last, but not least, to learn that to practice these principles is better than to theorize about them."

THE UTAH LABOR AND RAILWAY JOURNAL.

As we write, we have before us a copy of The Utah Labor and Railway Journal. We do not hesitate to unreservedly recommend it to the general public. It is worthy of a careful and considerate perusal. In its general appearance it far exceeds our expectations. The subject matter certainly does great credit to the editors. It is well written, concise and to the point. The write-ups of the various firms shows that the editors came into personal contact, not only with the men, but with their business as well, and we believe they have made many friends for organized labor in Ogden, and the state of Utah.

It will certainly be a great benefit to our members in making purchases and be a great source of information to our friends and to those who would be friendly to organized labor if they more thoroughly understood us.

King Solomon once said: "There is no new thing under the sun." Perhaps Solomon was right; and it may be due to our benighted intelligence that we have not discovered things yet, but it does seem like there are some "new things under the sun." First one discovered the seedless orange, then the thornless cactus, and for some time past we have known of beeless honey, and now comes the cobless corn. If we could have boneless beef, and could be sure of a chickenless egg, of hairless butter, of trustless trusts, of waterless stock and a great many other lessless things we don't need, we certainly would be a happy people.

The Cooks' and Waiters' Union, Local 732, the youngest union in Ogden, is certainly doing things. Some time ago they gave a grand ball with great social and financial success, and on Christmas eve they gave another of larger proportions and greater success than the former one. They were organized on Oct. 26, 1908, with a charter membership of 10, and their membership now is 50. They hold initiations almost every meeting. They held a splendid and well attended meeting Wednesday night in Union Labor Hall and installed the following officers for the ensuing year: President, D. F. Beauchamp; vice-president, W. S. Lake; secretary-treasurer, T. C. Walker; recording secretary, J. C. Bake; inspector, J. V. Long; inside guard, J. M. Hanson; trustees, A. S. Bear, H. R. McPherson, J. H. Bowman; delegates to Trades Assembly, A. S. Bear, H. R. McPherson, D. V. Beauchamp.

We would say to the older unions: Be careful or the "baby" will outgrow you before you know it. "You'll have to hurry."

We often hear of the corporations being "soulless" concerns; or, in other words, possessing none of those qualities which go to make up the honest, square-dealing, sincere, sympathetic, humane employer. Corporations are just what the promoters make them. If the "leading spirits" are greedy, grasping, avaricious, hard-hearted, money grabbers, the corporations controlled by such men must be the same. That most corporations are such, and that they are careless, heedless and indifferent as to the welfare of the men who labor night and day under the most adverse conditions to make it possible for them to enjoy their large profits, cannot be denied. An instance in point comes under our observation at this time, when 25 men were compelled to quit the service of one of the above described corporations, simply because they couldn't make a living under the new conditions. Men, residents of the beautiful and thriving city of Ogden, who were paid the munificent sum of $2.16 per day, must now take about $1.65 per day, and for what reason? That their kind and generous employer might make a little more profit—might add a few more thousands of dollars to his already ill-gotten millions. Isn't it delightful—delightful that such conditions should prevail that compel men to slave their lives away and be robbed of all the wealth they create, except a bare existence—but what care they? When one set of men are worn out and become useless they know they can get another set, and yet another, and so on, without limit. Will this thing ever cease?

Marxian Club Socialists

Any question concerning Socialism answered. Address all communications to K. S. Hilliard, 436 Herrick Avenue.

Editorial Committee: KATE S. HILLIARD. E. A. BATTELL. ROY E. SOUTHWICK.

JUDGE WRIGHT'S REVOLUTIONARY ACT BACKWARD.

Boiled down to its essence, the decision of Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison to imprisonment for contempt amounts to the arrogation, on the part of the judiciary, of the exercise of legislative functions. This implies a revolution. It is the smashing of the constitution. It is even worse, infinitely worse.

The judiciary may declare legislation void. When it does so its action is grounded upon the principle that the legislature violated the constitution—a law in existence. This is as far as the most liberal construction of the powers conferred by the constitution can go. Judge Wright's decision amounts to legislating itself—and what kind of legislation!

There was not before the court any issue concerning the correctness or incorrectness of Judge Gould's injunction. The only issue before the court was whether Gompers and the rest obeyed the injunction or not. Its disobedience was admitted. Upon the fact of the disobedience Gompers and the rest were sentenced. In other words, an order issued by a court forbidding a citizen from doing a thing amounts to a legal enactment that the thing forbidden to be done is criminal. It matters not that the criminal code does not enumerate such act or acts among the list of crimes. The judge's "ipse dixit" is equal to such legislative action—it woes even further!

Their Acts Not Criminal.

The circumstance that the acts of Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison were not criminal only adds point to the point. Even if criminal, the criminal courts are the tribunals before which to ventilate such issues. No man shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. If acts, alleged to be criminal can be punished by summary contempt proceedings the writ of habeas corpus is suspended in permanency, and we are in a permanent state of war.

What this means is obvious. Already there is the legal fiction that presumes the private citizen to know the law. Judge Wright's decision strips even the oath of office to uphold the law and the constitution of all meaning. Who can take that oath if the law is not written in advance, and if it can be enacted on the spur of the moment by any judge on the bench? When a citizen is henceforth "presumed to know the law," what is meant is that, he will be presumed to know the law in advance of its enactment of ex post facto law, not in civil matters only, but in criminal matters as well—the acme of a despotism, expressly forbidden by the constitution.

The principle is old that a country's criminal procedure is the barometer of its degree of civilization. With a president who assaults with impunity young ladies on a bridle path because they dared ride ahead of him, when he was simply taking an airing like themselves, and with a Judge Wright revolutionizing backward by enacting legislation, criminal legislation, at that and then enforcing the same ex post facto, what is left to the people but vigilance committees?—Weekly People.

CURRENT COMMENT

"Keen as steel" Carnegie had a "conviction" and an "opinion" at his hearing before the ways and means committee. The conviction was that his steel plant no longer needed a tariff to protect it—the tariff now only hindered him in wiping out the small concerns. The opinion was that free trade would not cause wages to go down.

"If a judge was interested in a cause, you would not respect his decision, would you?" With these words the now free trade Carnegie overthrew the towering "statistical statements" of interested protectionists. Carnegie overthrew more than the protectionists. He overthrew also the free trade capitalists, himself included, that is, he overthrew the towering "statistical statements" made by the interested capitalists, himself included, in support of their false claims regarding the big wages they pay and the happy condition of their wage slaves.

Mr. James M. Beck, the leading counsel for the Bucks Stove and Range company, who prosecuted contempt proceedings against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, is a gentleman with an eye to the main chance. He is advertising himself as the man who rang "the death knell of the boycott," and as the man who obtained "the most important decision in a labor contro-

TO THE SUFFRAGISTS.

Suffragists, lend us your eyes! We would show you a little story carved out of the hard facts of life. It is a story that is an argument, an argument that is unanswerable. There is in New Jersey, we are told, a woman who owns property valued at $16,000. This might be a very enviable situation if it were not for the further fact that the woman is married. Now, of course, we do not wish to be classed with the people who would obviate matrimonial troubles by obviating matrimony, so we hasten to add that this particular wife was most unfortunate in her selection of a helpmeet. In fact, until very recently, he seemed to be very closely allied with the genus mincemeat. He is a worthless bundle of flesh, and his sole desire is, apparently, to get possession of his wife's $16,000. He did induce her to mortgage her property and then he induced her to permit him to spend the money. Subsequently, he also induced her to pawn her jewels and furs. When he had shoveled this money into the capacious maw of dissipation, he deserted his wife, leaving her the penniless proprietress of a mortgage in addition to her original $16,000 holdings. The wife had the husband arrested on the charge of desertion, and he is now eating three meals a day—at state expense—which is three more meals than his wife is getting. The wife, though she owns the $16,000 property, is unable to sell it because her husband declines to sign the deed, and, of course, no prospective purchaser will agree to accept a deed that does not carry with it the husband's relinquishment of claim to the property. The wife, therefore, is penniless. Her attorney says her Thanksgiving dinner consisted of potatoes. Her husband ate turkey—in jail. If this is not an argument for a feminine declaration of independence, we never expect to find one.

LITTLE EPHR'M SAYS—

"Ah wish Mr. Taft would lend me one ov his socks t' hang up Christmas eve."

Chemically pure oxide of cobalt is used to give the famous blue color to Sevres porcelain.